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SECOND EDITION—FIFTH THOUSAND.

THE

THRILLING NARRATIVE

OF

EDGELL, PEARSON, GATWOOD AND SAVAGE,

WHO WERE RESCUED, AFTER HAVING BEEN

BURIED ALIVE

SEVEN HUNDRED FEET UNDER GROUND,

FOR FOURTEEN DAYS AND THIRTEEN HOURS

WITHOUT FOOD.

IN THE

BLUE ROCK COAL MINES.

BY ROBERT H GILLMORE.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO:
GILLMORE & BENNETT, PRINTERS.
1856.

[FIRST EDITION OF 2000 SOLD IN TWO DAYS.]

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
GILLMORE & BENNETT,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of Ohio.

A CARD.

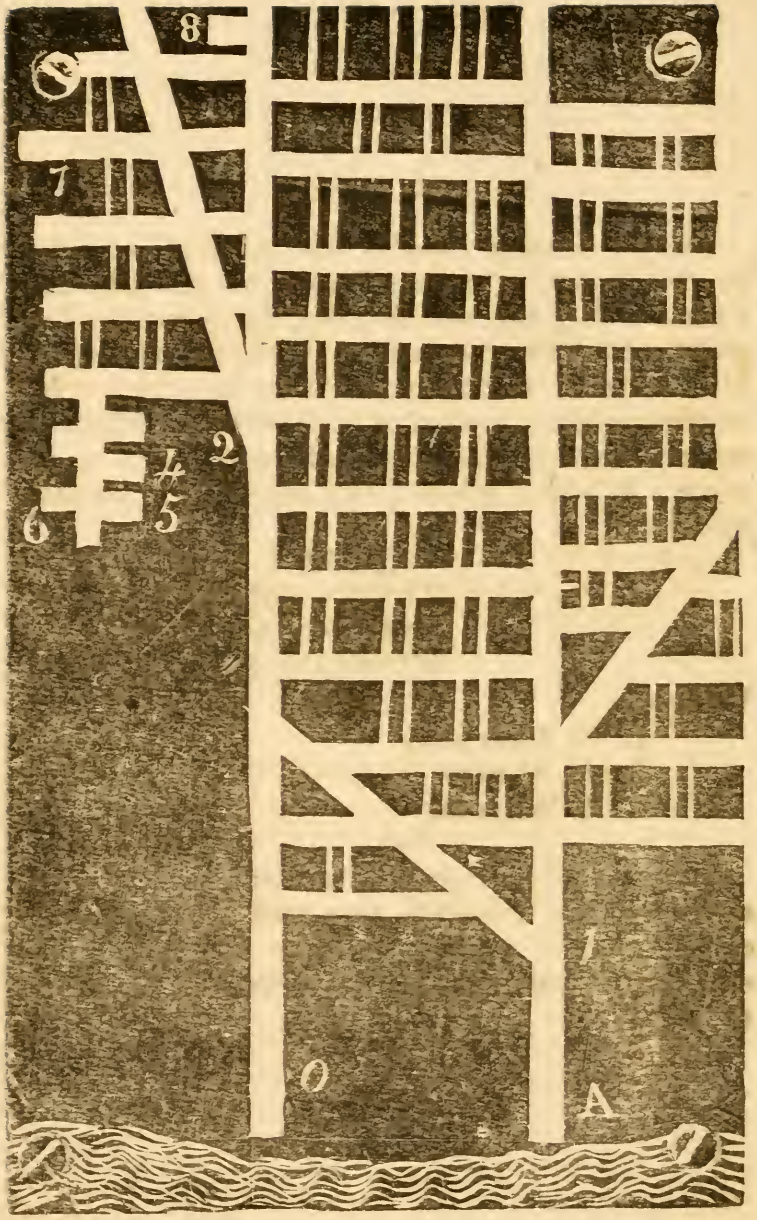
The manuscript copy of the principal narrative in this work, is authenticated by the following CARD: "We, the undersigned, have had the foregoing narrative read to us. It was taken down by Mr. Robert H. Gillmore as told by us to him. It is correct in every particular, and gives a faithful account of our doings and sufferings while in the mine. *We have given a full narrative to no other person.*"

WILLIAM EDGELL,
JAMES PEARSON,
JAMES GATWOOD,
EDWARD SAVAGE.

Witness:

L. G. CONVERSE,
JAMES OWENS,
J. P. WEAVER.

As an additional proof of authenticity, it may be stated that the narrative was read in the presence of the rescued men, to a large assembly of the citizens of Zanesville, on Friday evening, May 16th, 1856.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O
A

EXPLANATION.

The cut on the preceding page is a Plat of the greater portion of the Blue Rock Coal Mine.

The entry in use, at the time of the accident, opens upon the bank of the Muskingum river at A.

From A to 1 the accident occasioned no injury to the entry.

(1) Commencement of obstruction.
(2) Point where the men were rescued.
(4) Room where Edgell was at work.
(5) " " Savage " "
(6) " " Pearson " "
(7) " " Gatwood " "
(8) Room occupied by the men during their confinement.

The deposit of Copperas-water was found in a room near 7.

The entry extending in a right line from 1 to the top of the cut, is the old entry to which frequent reference is made in the narrative. Its direction is nearly west.

O. Old Owen's entry; not in use and filled up.

Distance from A to 2; seven hundred feet.

PREFACE.

On Tuesday the 13th of May, 1856, I proceeded in company with a friend, to visit the scene of the late catastrophe at Blue Rock, with the design of obtaining from the rescued miners, a narrative of their thoughts, acts and sufferings during their (nearly) fifteen days horrible imprisonment in the mine.

The interest which the community, and indeed the whole country, has felt in their fate: the intense anxiety with which the labors of the workmen were regarded before that fate was known; the rejoicing of tens of thousands when their safety and deliverance were announced, all this induced me to believe that such a narrative would be a most acceptable offering to the public. In addition to this, the case is one which presents to the eye of science many marked anomalies. History has few parallels.

To permit it to pass without preserving a full and accurate record of all the accompanying circumstances would not only have prevented the gratification of a very natural curiosity by the public, but would have deprived investigation of reliable data for determining the causes of facts which seem almost miraculous and inexplicable.

These circumstances I have endeavored to state with the utmost accuracy. So far as the narrative of the rescued men is concerned, it may be received as scrupulously correct in all particulars. In reporting it, I confined myself exactly to the statements given me by the men themselves, endeavoring, as far as would be compatible with perspicuity, to use their specific language. The greater portion of two days was occupied in thus eliciting from them the narrative. During this time they were all together, and as each told his story, his recollection was assisted by that of his companions. I sought to get not only the minute facts, but ALL the facts; and endeavored as far as I was capable to cover with my questions the whole range of enquiry When I had finished, and read to them the manuscript, each replied individually to my question, that he "knew of nothing more to give."

The matter which precedes the narrative was, most of it, prepared for the ZANESVILLE GAZETTE; a portion of it I wrote upon the ground, as the circumstances transpired.

I cannot conclude without tendering my acknowledgements to the citizens of Blue Rock for the many kind attentions I have received during my repeated visits ; and adding, at the same time, my humble testimony in perpetuation of their heroic efforts during the fourteen days of agony and suspense which will make their neighborhood a celebrity through coming time.

ROBERT H. GILLMORE.

Zanesville, May 15, 1856.

THE BLUE ROCK COAL MINES.

The above mines are situated on the western bank of the Muskingum river, in the angle formed by the confluence of the small stream known as the Blue Rock run, with that river, and in Harrison township, Muskingum County, Ohio. The stratum of coal at this point is about four feet in thickness. The southern outcrop of this particular vein, is found a short distance below; beyond that it disappears entirely. In quality, the coal is excellent, and is of the peculiar formation which miners denominate "curly." It is in extensive demand, principally by salt furnaces situated at points above and below on the Muskingum river.

The stratum of rock which overlays this vein is a slaty soap-stone; light blue in color subject to rapid disintegration when exposed to atmospheric influences; but forming an admirable and safe roof for the miner when properly protected.

The particular mine which has occasioned the following pages, is owned by Messrs Stephen H. Guthrie and James Owens jr. Pre-

vious to the time at which these gentlemen came in possession of it, a large amount of coal had been taken out from the northern portion and the mining is said to have been conducted in an unusally reckless manner.—It is stated, on good authority, that many of the rooms were forty feet square; and the pillars small in size and comparatively few in number. The hill above the mine, is supposed to have an altitude of not less than two hundred and twenty feet. Such an immense pressure should have dictated more than ordinary caution. The absence of this has proved the cause of one of the most remarkable catastrophes on record—especially remarkable, inasmuch as against such overwhelming odds, not a single life was lost by it.

The mine fell in on Friday, the 25th of April, at about 11 o'clock A. M. At the time of the accident, twenty persons, some of whom were lads, were employed in it. Some were standing on the platform at the mouth of the entry, others on the inside saved themselves by a precipitate flight. Upon examination, it was found that sixteen were safe, but that four persons, viz. William Edgell, Jas. Pearson, James Gatwood and Edward Savage were either imprisoned in the mine or crushed to death by the falling mountain. Hope pre-

ponderated strongly in favor of the former alternative, inasmuch as it was known that these persons were at work in a portion of the mine from which no large amount of coal had been taken, and which, in consequence, was supposed to be comparatively safe.

The following is a list of the persons who escaped.

James (Duck) Menear,
John Hopper,
James Larrison,
George Ross,
George Robinson,
William Edgell, Sr.
Uriah McGee,
William Gheen,
Timothy Lyons,
Patrick Savage (boy)
Hiram Larrison "
G. W. Simmons,
Franklin Ross, (boy.)
William Miller, "
James Savage, "
Thomas Edgell, "

It was immediately determined that an attempt should be made for the rescue of the imprisoned men. The same evening the water was drawn off from the mouth of the entry, and as soon thereafter as possible the excavation commenced.

The labor and danger involved in this can

scarcely be appreciated by one who was not on the ground. It was necessary to combine the greatest possible speed with the utmost caution. A single false step would have brought a terrible destruction upon the excavators; for during their labors, THE CRUMBLING HILL HUNG WITH TENS OF THOUSANDS OF TONS OF PRESSURE, IMMINENT AND THREATENING ABOVE THEIR HEADS !*

Have all the annals of the past a peril by flood or field or fire more awful?

Can history point us to an example of heroism more deserving honor, than that of the brave men who labored night and day, although every moment in danger of a sudden and terrible death, to rescue these four persons, who were bound to them only by the ties of a common humanity?

The advance was made step by step. Three men only could work at a time. Indeed it may be said that every foot gained, was the work of a SINGLE INDIVIDUAL, for there was room for but one workman in front; the others, behind him, received the fragments as he passed them back. Posts and caps were used to sup-

* Within six hours after the men were rescued, more than fifty feet of the mine fell in. If operations had been delayed that length of time, the workmen would have been inevitably killed, and the imprisoned miners would, beyond doubt, have perished by a lingering death in their terrible prison.

port the falling roof. The material encountered, was principally rock, of the character before described, sometimes in small fragments at others in immense masses, lying in every conceivable position. In one direction, the rock would split with the freedom of a chestnut log; in the other it was almost as tough and stubborn as iron.

The work was continued in this mode, night and day, with varying success, for fourteen days. An immense concourse was, most of the time, on the ground. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining workmen. Miners flocked to the rescue of their brethren from miles around. Merchants and farmers clothed themselves in miner's costume and joined in the common labor. Brave hearts and stout arms at last gained the victory.

At a meeting held upon the ground May 2d, the following proceedings were had :

At a meeting of citizens here assembled, H. Teeter was appointed President, and W. T. Talley Vice President; D. Devol and Samuel Roberts, Secretaries. On motion, Dr. A. Lewis and Rev. J. J. M. Dicky were appointed a committee on resolutions ; who retired and reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were read and adopted :

WHEREAS, The citizens here assembled, sensibly, and feelingly realizing the awfully calamitous affair in which the lives of four of our citizens are jeopardised, even to dreadful destruction, either by starvation, suffocation from poisonous gasses, or by being crushed beneath falling rocks and earth—have in solemn convention assembled to give expressions of sympathy and to give a true statement of affairs as they exist:

Resolved, That to correct false reports, and to keep the public informed as to the true condition of matters involved in this sad catastrophe, a committee of three be appointed to report as often as necessary for the public through the press.

Resolved, That in view of the expense incurred by some of the residents, who have spared neither time, money, provisions nor labor, to rescue their friends, persons whose circumstances are in no way able to incur such sacrifices, that the citizens of the Muskingum valley be called upon to contribute of their abundance to defray the above expense.

Resolved, That in view of the risk of life, undermining of health, and fatigue of those who have so manfully and energetically labored day and night to dig out and reach those entombed alive; the public be called upon to

contribute the sums necessary to pay them for their time and service.

Resolved, That the indefatigable energy and untiring perseverance which has characterized the owners of the bank, in sparing neither money nor labor, to save those unfortunate miners, calls for universal admiration and gratitude.

Resolved, That in the opinion of those best acquainted with the premises; the expense of each consecutive day is about $200,00.

Resolved, That a Committee of Finance be appointed to disburse the funds collected and that H. Teeter, D. Devol, Samuel Dozer and J. P Weaver, be that Committee.

Resolved, That every man in the community consider himself a committee of one to solicit donations to be placed in the hands of the Finance Committee.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting are herby tendered to the Rev. J. J. M. Dickey, for his eloquent remarks on this occasion.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the Zanesville, McConnelsville and Malta papers. Adjourned.

H. TEETER, Pres't.
W. T. TALLEY, V. P.

D. DEVOL,
SAM. ROBERTS, } Sec'ys.

ESCAPE FROM THE MINE OF WILLIAM EDGELL, Sr.,

AS NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

"I am the father of William Edgell, jr., one of the rescued miners. Was at work in the coal mine on the 25th of April. Ate my dinner that day,at about 10 o'clock, A. M. Miners usually dine about the middle of the forenoon. I noticed nothing wrong about the bank that morning. At half past ten o'clock, went in with my car as quickly as I could and loaded up with coal. The miners were racing, and I was not disposed to be behind. Returning with a load of coal, pushing my car before me, I encountered another resting on the track. A lad was standing beside it, whom we all regard as rather weak in the upper storey. He was crying; and when I asked him what was the matter, replied, that the bank was falling in. Pausing to listen, I heard a roaring off to the left, in the old diggings, which are situated in the northern part of the mine. I hesitated a moment, what to do. Noticing that the boy seemed bewildered and stupified, and that he was standing in a place which would probably

be the first to fall from overhead, I toldhim to move. He seemed to have lost the little wit he had, and stood stock still. "Come away," said I, "move, or I'll make you do it." He finally started for the mouth of the entry.— Having got him off, I thought I would go back to where Pearson, Gatwood, Savage, my son William, and others were at work, and inform them of their danger. In the mean time I observed that the pillars of coal were *crawling* outwards at the bottom. Chunks of coal began to fly from one side of the entry against the other. They went with such force that I think they would have cut a man in two, if they had hit him. All this occurred in less time than it takes me to tell it. Others had got to where I was standing, with their cars. I started back to warn the boys; but it was too late. The mine was falling so rapidly in that direction, that it would have beenmadness to venture. The way was already impassable. I turned towards the mouth; it was falling in that direction, too. The principal commotion seemed to be over towards the north, in the old part of the mine. I called to the boys: "hurry out—hurry out." As I turned, something struck my light and knocked it out.— There were lights behind me, but I stumbled on in perfect darkness. In the race I struck

a pile of earth which had fallen in the entry, and pitched clear over it. When I rose, I was on fair ground again, and went on rapidly, calling to the boys to follow. I came to a place where the light shone in from the mouth. I was safer now, but there was danger yet. At once, a sudden faintness came over me. I grew blind and dizzy; my knees became weak and it seemed impossible to move one foot before another; they were as heavy as lead. But somehow I struggled on and found myself upon the platform.

I rallied at once and determined to go back for the rescue of the men inside, but those around, wouldn't allow it. In perhaps three minutes, three others came out. They described the condition of the inside. I knew in a moment that it was impossible to make way through alive. My poor boy was buried in the mountain. You may imagine how I felt; I cannot tell you.

Timothy Lyons who boarded with me, was the last one out. He had started out to see what was keeping the track obstructed. In doing so, he ran against some other cars and knocked his light out. In the pause he heard the bank groaning and breaking. Hurrying back to warn others and having done so, he started to return, but became bewildered in

the dark. He became completely lost, and knew not where to go. The falling mass had crowded him up against a pillar. His right arm was caught and held tightly against it.—He sought to get it free, pulling until it almost left the socket; but it would not come. He wrenched it again; but it seemed immovable. In his despair he threw all his strength into one effort more. He was free. In the sudden movement, his left hand struck a car. He knew it must be upon the track. Blind, bleeding, and stunned, fighting his way through the falling mine, he at last stood upon the platform.

A gash six inches long, was cut in his back; another on his head, and his shoulders were bruised all over. When he reached us, he was all a gore of blood.

From the Zanesville Gazette—Extra, May 10,

THE FOURTEENTH, AND LAST, DAY AT THE MINE.

A LONG SUSPENSE,—THE FINAL RESCUE.

FRIDAY MORNING, May 9th.

Arrived on the ground at 10 o'clock this morning. A large number of people in attendance, all of whom are gathered around the opening of the mine, but prevented from obstructing it by a rope, which is stretched, circus fashion, on stakes, enclosing about one eighth of an acre. Three men are constantly at work on the lever of a large bellows which is situated at the exterior of the orifice, supplying the excavators with air, which is carried through a long section of hose, which is said to be further lengthened by lead pipe.

Eleven o'clock. There is much excitement. A miner has just been relieved from his 'trick.' He has a crowd of people around him, to whom he is narrating a communication just had with the buried miners. Get him away from the throng. Says that just before he came from the mine, Edgell(one of the four who have now been entombed for 14 days) came within talking distance, and asked the narrator, George Lyons, what day it was. Told him Friday morning. Edgell evidently had the impression that he had been in only *one* week.—Was anxious to know what time we could get him out. Told him we thought we should be able to do it in the course of the day. Said I would stay

with him. He replied, "do George; come in to us—God bless your souls, come in to us." He did not complain of hunger; said they were "well and happy, only that they had no light—their lamps had gone out when the fall first occurred." Told Edgell he must go back to his place and stay there until we called him or came to him. Said he would, but he *must* come every 3 hours to know how they were getting along.

The miners say that they are getting along slowly. A large rock has fallen slantingly into the entry and there is no way but to block it up and excavate under it; are afraid the rock will give them trouble. It is possible that it may slip, and if so a large amount of loose rock and earth will follow. It is dangerous working at best. The whole hill above is crumbling and the props are very insecure against such an immense pressure. The foul air is also very troublesome. The workmen say that they do not experience any difficulty in breathing; but their lights will not burn. The 'damp' seems to be lodged in *nests*, sometimes a lamp will go out one foot distant from the spot where it will burn freely. Sometimes it will burn best at the top of the mine, and sometimes it will go out there but will burn very well at the bottom. It has been necessary to weather board the passage on the sides and overhead and stop all the cracks with clay, to prevent the ingress of foul air.

Conversed with a miner who was at work yesterday when the discovery was first made that the men were alive, says their attention was arrested by a smothered 'humming' like that of men holding

subdued conversation. Listening attentively, they then heard them walking about over the track.—Having given a halloo, it was responded to. Then called to them, asking if all were well; reply, "all are well; but our lights are out." They next enquired if any had been killed by the accident.—Gatwood was anxious to know if his wife and friends were near him. None of them seemed to have any idea of time.

At one o'clock P. M.—Bad news. The men are not progressing in their work, in consequence of foul air. Their lamps cannot be kept burning. They are compelled to work with the light 15 or 20 feet distant. A workman has just come out who says that they have not been excavating for an hour. A new experiment is being tried. Mirrors have been taken in to reflect the light. A man has been sent off post haste, for a globe lamp, with the hope that they may succeed in making it burn. Things look gloomy. Some are predicting that the men will never be got out alive. A workman just from the inside, says that the poor fellows are complaining of being very hungry. They are anxious to know why the noise of digging has ceased—say they cannot stand it much longer. It is supposed that only about five feet of earth yet remain to be taken out. Edgell seems to be in low spirits. Seems to think he will not get out alive; has sent messages to his friends, telling them not to grieve for him, that if he dies he will die happy. The mirror experiment is a failure. It has been abandoned. The globe lamp has also had to be thrown aside. It will not burn.

Three o'clock.—The crowd is increasing. Not less than a thousand people are now on the ground, a great proportion of whom are females. The interest is intense.

Good news. A car has just come out loaded with earth and rock. The men are at work again, and working bravely. The police have great difficulty in keeping people outside the rope.

A report is current that the men have been reached, but is directly contradicted. Another workman just from within. A hundred voices in different directions are calling out, "Pete come here"—"come herePete"—"Get on the platform and tell us all about it." We get his attention for a moment. He says they are getting along finely, that they have got to a place where they can see 8 or 9 feet over the rubbish. The roof of the mine is becoming very good and safe. Does not know anything about Edgell and his companions; hasn't heard them for some time. Cars are coming out frequently, loaded with pieces of stone, and each one makes an excitement in the crowd as it appears. A rush ensues, so that it is not possible to keep the way clear.

The workmen inform us that they have greatly reduced the size of the excavation, it being the object now to make an entrance just sufficient to admit of the passage of a man. The last time a conversation was had with the poor fellows buried within, they seemed to have lost all courage, and, as they left the place where their conversations take place, to retire to a safer position, they declared that they were going back to lie down and die.

Half past four. All persons have just been requested to retire from the area around the opening, and the physicians and their assistants have been called into it, in order to be ready for the occasion that all are looking for with such interest. As a particular favor, we have been included among the M. D's.

Worst news of all. Has providence withdrawn from us?—In twenty minutes the men would have been rescued, but the *mine has fallen in!*

The obstruction is not supposed to be very extensive but the workmen are so frightened that they can give us no reliable information. It may indeed be true that the four men have laid down to die.—This suspense is horrible.

The cars have ceased coming from the mine and a general dejection has settled over the whole assembly.

Half past six. The news is more favorable. A workman from within informs us that the rock which has fallen in, is only a spaul or fragment and, although quite large, is not so great as was expected. They have had another conversation with the buried men. They seem in better spirits and tell the workmen not to be discouraged, that the falling in is not extensive, and, say they, "we can hold out two days longer if necessary." It is thought now that it will require most of the night to remove the obstruction.

The "John Buck" comes in sight and although the guards are crowded with passengers, she does not stop at the mine but lands at a warehouse above. We regretfully hasten to get on board leav-

ing it for other eyes to behold and other pens to chronicle the event, which, we trust in providence, will occur before another twenty-four hours have passed.

The journal is continued by Mr. Guthrie, to whose kindness we are indebted for the following notes:

Seven o'clock.—The diggers report, the fall was not so serious as was supposed. It occurred in the left of the main entry. It made a very loud noise. The men are safe and in good heart.

Half past seven.—Word sent out for the best set of wheelers on the ground. They are again driving in over the last fall. The roof is sound overhead.

Cars out again; all right inside.

Eight o'clock.—Some delay. Posts and caps are wanted. The men are moving slowly to secure a post on the right, that the roof may not again give way.

Half past eight.—The roof is reported sound. Men are much encouraged. Watch fires are lit up without. Cars out again; all in fine spirits. The cars are out again once in fifteen minutes. They are working lively.

Edgell from within cheers the men: tells them to 'go it—can stand it for two days yet.'—Cars out in six minutes

Glorious News!—The entombed men are all standing up cheering the workmen. One of the latter is fanning the poor fellows.

Orders are sent out to bring in necessary clothing. Great excitement; but good order is preserv-

ed. The assembly is requested not to cheer when the men are brought out.

Half past eleven.—Clearing the space between the men

THEY ARE RESCUED!

They are brought this side the cave. They are safe!—*Hurrah!—Thank God.*

Edgell and Pearson are able to walk. All are stopped by order of the physicians, in the entry.—Doctors Brown, Lewis and Rusk have gone in with rice water and soup. Find them requiring no medical treatment except good nursing.

Committees of four to each person are appointed who bear them carefully to the cabins.

Poor fellows. No sons of Ethiopia ever wore blacker faces. How pinched and starved they look! How wild and prominent are their great, white eyes. As you look upon them, you can see but little else. But what are those white furrows down their cheeks?—Tears?

Considering all things, Edgell looks remarkably well; being a fleshy young man, he is not much emaciated. Pea son, and the boy Savage are somewhat reduced, Gatwood very much so and very weak. Edgell took a taste of soup, while in the entry and remarked that it was much better than the copperas-water they have been drinking.

The boy Savage first asked for a *quid of tobacco*. Edgell enquired what day it was, and being answered that it was Friday, he turned to Pearson and said; "*Ah, did'nt I tell you we had been in only one week!*"

The men report that for the first five or six days, Pearson and Gatwood were very delirious, but that the others were perfectly sane. *They did not use the jug of oil. The only food they have had during their whole imprisonment was the dinner provided for two men.*

After the men were rescued, very little conversation with them was allowed, so that we have nothing further of interest to report, more than that the men are all doing well.

The workmen have burrowed through about four hundred feet of earth and rock. The men were rescued at a point seven hundred feet distant from the entrance to the mine.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE

OF GATWOOD, PEARSON, EDGELL AND SAVAGE.

James Gatwood, aged twenty-two years. "Had been married exactly five months the day I was imprisoned in the coal mine. Had been at work only three days when the accident took place; and previous to that time, had never struck a pick in coal. Rather liked the business.

"The morning the accident happened, and while taking out my last car-load, just after passing the dip was considerably frightened by hearing a great crash behind me. I now think it was the first symptoms of giving way in the mine; but at the time, as a car soon after came up to me, from behind, I concluded that the noise had been made by it, although I remember thinking that the noise was a very loud one for a car to make."

Edward Savage. "I am in my sixteenth year.—Have a father living, but no mother. Have been living with my Uncle "Duck" (James Menear) ever since my Mother's death."

James Pearson. "Am in my thirty-third year.—Have been mining, off and on, ever since I was fourteen years old. Never before met with any accident in a coal bank. Worked in the entry in which we were imprisoned, for the first time last summer; felt afraid of the mine then. Too much coal had been taken out of it, and the pillars left were so small, that I thought it could not be otherwise than dangerous. I can scarcely tell why I allowed myself to continue as a miner in it. Have a wife and two children."

William Edgell, jr., aged twenty years. "I had been at work in the mine but half a day when the accident occurred. At the time it happened was just coming out with my sixth car-load.

"The mine gave way on the 25th day of April, at about 11 o'clock A. M. On the morning of that day, there had been considerable confusion among the workmen, owing to the fact that the track had not been kept clear; got a little out of humor myself. About the time the accident happened, we had our cars ready loaded to come out, and were waiting for others to come back. As they did not come, we supposed they were idle and finally started with our cars, determined to come out at all events, and if we met them returning, to make them turn off the track. Myself, Pearson and Savage started out at the same time. My car was in front, Pearson next and Savage behind. We had gone about two hundred feet, or a little more, when I observed that my car ran over some slate which had fallen in the entry, and then in a moment, it ran against another car which was standing on the track. I stopped, supposing that it belonged to some one who was digging in some of the side entries, and called out: "whose in the h—l car is this standing on the track?" I listened for an answer; but in a minute or less, I heard the bank breaking with a sound like that of distant thunder, I turned round and said to Pearson; "Jim, the bank is falling in." He replied "it can't be Bill." One of us, I forget which, said: "let us hurry and get out." We ran around our cars, and had advanced about twenty feet, when I suddenly struck a pile of slate which had fallen down, blocking the entry entirely up. In doing so I knocked my light

out. Finding I could not get ahead, I called out to Pearson, whose light was still burning, and said to him, "run back Jim, there is a bluff place and we can't get out." We started back at once; the slate was falling in chunks from the roof between us and our cars; we hurried back beyond them and met Ned Savage, whose car had got up to ours, and was stopped on the track by them. I said to him, "Ned, for God's sake the bank has all fallen in;" he replied, "no, it can't be, Bill." Pearson then suggested that we should go back and get into the old diggings in the north part of the mine, as that might not have fallen in. We were about starting when Ned Savage said, "let's get all the oil we can find." We started back to hunt for oil, when we met Gatwood coming with his car loaded. It had become fast in a hole on the track and he was trying to get it loose, I said to him, "Jim, the bank has all fallen in," he replied, in a frightened way, "Oh, no, I reckon not." Pearson told him to come with us, he "thought we could get out through the old diggins, at the air hole;" "if we can't," says he, "we're gone." We all started together as fast as we could go, and got about 200 feet to an old blind entry. We found the mine falling faster than it had been at the place where we left the cars. The falling was still accompanied by a rumbling noise; the pillars of coal along the entry, were bursting out at the sides and bottom, and the whole mine was jarring and trembling. We found the passage we aimed for entirely stopped up; then we turned back into the main entry where our cars were, thinking we might possibly find a way out there, but we saw it falling worse than ever. We found we were completely shut in. We at once saw

there was no escape. We gave up all hope. Pearson spoke first and said "boys, let us go back and make up our bed whereon to die." We went into some of the other miners' rooms where we found shovels which had been used by them; then going to the head of the entry, in a small room (at 8) we shoveled together a quantity of dry, loose dirt for our bed. The room which we had chosen, like the other parts of the mine, was only four feet high. To stand up straight in it was, of course, impossible. Miners when at work, always sit down or kneel.

In our search, we had found two dinners which had been left by the hands. We carried them to our bed, where we sat down and all took a piece. We thought we might as well eat all we wanted at once; but after we got through there was about half of it left. Our own dinners were not brought to the mine as we were in the habit of coming out and going to our homes for that meal. The provisions we found consisted of four pieces of bread, two of which were buttered and clapped butter side together; four small pieces of fried bacon; two boiled eggs and two pickles split in two.—None of us felt much hungry. We had other things to think about. Pearson took Savage with him and went back to his (Pearson's) room where they found a gallon jug of water which contained about three quarts; Savage went to the room where Jim Larrison had been working, where he found a half gallon jug, which I (Edgell) remembered having taken a drink from out on the platform, in the morning, before he brought it into the mine. This jug was only half full or thereabouts. We also found a jug belonging to James Menear which had only about half a gallon in

it. We gathered these jugs (all we could find) together and set them down by the bed which we had made. Very little talking was done while this was going on. Pearson, when he went for his jug of water, brought with him his can of oil holding about half a pint. I (Edgell) got my father's jug of oil in which there was about two thirds of a quart, Gatwood had a pint flask in his pocket from which he said he had filled his lamp a couple of times. This was all the oil we had.

All this time, it is to be understood, that the part of the mine in which we were, was perfectly solid, though we could, distinctly hear it cracking and falling out towards the mouth. We all laid down on our bed. Pearson said he thought that if the folks on the outside, tried at all to get us out, they would commence at the old Owen's entry, which was about 200 feet south from the mouth of the entry we used, and dig us out from there. I agreed with him about this, and said they never could open the mine which had fallen in, for the whole mountain had given way. Gatwood said he thought so too, and "did'nt believe the men on the outside would risk their lives to get us out."—While lying here, we talked the matter over and tried to imagine every place where there might be any possibility of escape. We could think of none.

After awhile we got up and went to the main entry. We found the slate was still falling and the entry getting filled up nearer to us. We did not stop long to look at it, but as we came back we crossed over to the old entry again, which was also still caving in. Finding our search useless we came back to our beds again and laid down.

While we were lying there, Pearson said to us,

'boys let us make a bargain among ourselves." I said to him, "well, what is it? I think we'll be willing." He said, "whoever of us dies first, let the others lay him down on one side of the room; but on no account take him out of it, so that when we are all dead, we'll lie here together." We made the bargain. If one of us had died we would have placed him on the outside, and then we would have laid close beside him. Our room would not have held more than four. It required us to lie very close together. After the agreement was made, Edgell said, "I hope I may be the first one to go." We all expressed the same wish.

All this time we had a lamp burning. For a time, after we were first imprisoned, when we were sitting still, we would put out all our lamps but one; but whenever we went to examine the entries, as we did at short intervals, we would light two or three. About supper time or what we supposed to be about that time (for none of us had a watch) we ate what was left of the two dinners. At this meal Savage said he was very hungry, and we all concluded that we might as well eat what remained. Whenever we were thirsty we drank as much water from the jugs as each of us desired. As there was not much of it, it did not last us very long.

When the mine was falling fastest, our prison became very cold. The air was so chilly that it seemed like pouring cold water down our backs. The only way we could at all keep warm was to get down on our bed and take turns of lying in the middle.—Some times we would lie on top of each other; but do what we would, we were always cold. Edgell thinks he never suffered so much the bitterest winter he ever

knew. Pearson and Gatwood are sure that they never felt the cold so severely any day last winter. We were all thinly clothed, none of us, having anything more than a shirt and a pair of pants, and besides this, we had all of us, according to miner's fashion, torn off the sleeves of our shirts to keep them out of the way when we were at work; consequently our arms suffered more from the cold than any part of our bodies. Shortly after we were shut in, Pearson in going into one of the rooms found a pea-jacket which had belonged to Bill Gheen. This he made use of, and derived some comfort from it, although both arms were missing from it also. Ned Savage, too, was fortunate in finding a woolen sack, which we recognized as the property of a little boy named Franklin Ross. Ned found it much too small for a good fit; but after awhile he managed to get it on, yet not without tearing one of the arms off.

We think we filled our lamps nine or ten times.—They generally burn about an hour for a filling. After this we found that they began to burn dimly and we had great difficulty in keeping them alive. We lighted three of them and set the wicks all together so as to form but one blaze. The lamps we use are shaped like small coffee pots, the wick coming out of the spout at the side; so that it was very easy to arrange them in this way. They kept burning more and more faintly. We trimmed them and kept lifting up the wick, but it was all of no avail. They at last went out, and left us in total darkness. There was not the least glimmer of light left for our eyes. No midnight was ever so dark. Gatwood says he placed his hand before his eyes in the hope that he might be

able to see it, but it was impossible to discover anything in the slightest degree. After our lamps went out, notwithstanding we knew it was in consequence of the damp, Edgell seemed very anxious to light them again. He asked if any of us had any matches. Pearson said he had, and gave him five or six which happened to be in his pocket. We had a board which we used for a pillow. Edgell raised himself up on his elbow and struck one upon the board. It blazed and continued to burn until the brimstone was gone and then went out. He tried one after another, they all blazed up like the first, but like it went out as soon as the brimstone was consumed. He then laid down and was lamenting our want of light. We seemed to feel the want of light more than anything else. The perfect darkness was the most terrible part of our situation. After Edgell had been lying down with the rest of us for some time,(he and Gatwood were then lying in the middle) he turned to him (Gatwood) and asked him if he had any matches. Gatwood says, "I thought at first that I would deny that I had any, for I did not think they would burn then, and I hoped that they would do better after a while; but then I thought again that it was death at all events, and it would not be right to lie about it at such a time. The bottle of oil which was in my left pocket, had got unstopped, and it had leaked all over me. My hands were covered with it, and I was afraid that if I took hold of the matches I would wet them and keep them from burning; but I managed to get hold of the paper in which they were wrapped and so handled them without injury. Edgell tried them just as he had the others, but met with no better success. Our last chance of light was now gone. None of the company had any matches remaining."

We had found a broad board, which we laid on its edge across the mouth of the room we were in, in order to keep out the cold air which seemed to pour in, in a stream from the entry. Whenever we went to take a *look* at the entry where it had fallen in, we crept to the board, felt along it, until we reached the opening, and then feeling for the track, we went on our hands and feet until we came to the break-down. We were in the habit of doing this very often, for this and lying on our bed were all we had to do. Sometimes, however, we would sit up and huddle together. We frequently had contentions as to who should lie in the middle. Indeed almost every time we changed, there was a little scolding on this account. We were very much crowded, as the room was small. We could only find sufficient space when we were lying diagonally across it. Sometimes we got out of fix, and the outsider would get jammed up against the sharp corners of the coal, when he would call out "lay over there." "I can't lie over," would be the reply, "for I am chuck up against the coal myself." "Well if you don't I won't lie here," would be the answer. The outsider would then get up awhile, but becoming cold he would soon lie down again. A little snarling would follow; then we would talk it all over; get cater-cornered again and be more comfortable.

After the water in our jugs gave out, we used to quarrel a little as to who should go for water. We got our water in a room about 50 feet distant, which had a dip or low place in the floor. It was very strongly impregnated with copperas. In order to get it into the jug, we took the cover of a tin-bucket, which had contained the dinner, and bending it so as to make a suitable mouth we would dip up the wa-

ter and pour it through the left hand which we held funnel-shaped at the mouth of the jug. This water was, at first very disagreeable, but Pearson thinks there was something about it which in some way helped to sustain life. He thought very shortly after he began using it, that the pangs of hunger became less severe and frequent and the gnawings at his stomach less painful. For sometime after we were first confined, the paroxysms of hunger were frequent and terrible to bear. It seemed as though we must have food or die, then as the hours wore on, these paroxysms became less and less common. Towards the last they seldom occurred. "After a time," he says, "I became delirious. Strange dreams were running through my head. Every good dinner I ever ate seemed, in turn, to be standing before me again. I did not merely *dream* that I saw them thus, but they were as plain before my eyes as you are now, sir. Tables loaded with noble baked hams and delicious pies, were just within my reach, but my delirium never extended so far as to make me believe I was eating them. Notwithstanding they were so temptingly near me, I never enjoyed more than the sight of them, and then I would wake up from my delusion to the full horror of my situation." "Whether we had any hope left, I do not know; I can hardly tell. We would often talk over the chances of being rescued. They seemed very dark; and yet we frequently went towards the entries. I was the way out to the world; though we knew it was blocked up and impassible for us.

Gatwood says "I had the same strange delirium of which Pearson speaks. I also saw splendid dinners standing beside me. I seemed to recollect all the good meals I had ever eaten. Once I seemed to be at home

sitting at the table, in front of my mother, in the position I always occupied. She passed me the bread, I thought; I took it, brought it to my lips and was aroused to find that I had filled my mouth with bits of coal and dust. At another time, I thought, my father came into the bank, bearing in his hand a plate, containing several pieces of freshly baked short cake. I could see the yellow butter running, melted down the edge of it.—Father said to me, "James are you starving?" and having handed me the bread, turned round and passed out again without another word. I took the bread and brought it to my mouth but was again awakened to find myself biting one side of my hand." At another time I heard Edgell eating something, and having asked him what it was, discovered that he was munching coal."

Our principal conversation was concerning things which we thought would be good to eat. First one, and then another would mention something which would be peculiarly nice. Gatwood once commenced talking about an apple which his mother had given him, and which was at home in his chest. He told us how refreshing it would be if he had it there to eat. Edgell tried to stop him, saying, "quit talking so foolish Jim, you are certainly getting crazy." This kind of conversation seemed to aggravate our sufferings; making us feel how very nearly famished we were; and after a while we found it would not do to permit it. Whenever any of us began to talk in this way, the others would endeavor to stop him. Sometimes we would succeed in making him keep quiet, but at others, he would talk in spite of us. Edgell says he remembers once to have put his hands over his ears in order that he might not hear it. He could not bear the torture.

We frequently spoke to each other of our relatives and friends. Gatwood once said that he thought if he could only get to see his father and mother alive, he would die contented. He was continually pitying his wife. He would sometimes rise up on his elbow and call out very mournfully, "Oh Miriam, Miriam" Edgell once told him to hush, "that she was better off than he was."

Pearson, too, grieved much for his wife. In some of his flighty spells, he thought he could see his little boy playing on the green hill-side over his head. He was in much trouble for his wife and sister. He thought they must have given him up, and wondered, where they had gone and what they were doing. He was much afflicted with palpitation of the heart. He had it so bad that the rest of us never allowed him but once, to go for water. We were afraid to permit him to leave us for fear he would never be able to get back again. We could all hear his heart beat. It sounded like a pheasant drumming in the distance, and was so loud that it would frequently prevent us from listening when we wished to do so. He was subject to this complaint before the accident, but it was much aggravated by his sufferings.

Gatwood once left the room with Edgell and Ned Savage. Says, "I was going to fill the jug with water and they were going on beyond to the break down. I attempted to go back without waiting for them to return; but somehow missed my way and found that I was lost. After feeling around awhile, I gave it up and sat down to wait for Ned and Edgell to come back. Hearing their steps after awhile I called to Edgell; he told me to come to him; but in endeavoring to do so, I seemed to get further away, and finally had to wait

until he came to me and took me by the hand. Edgell was once lost in a similar way, when he went alone to the break-down, and had not a little trouble in finding his way back to the bed. After that we determined when we left the room, that we should always go in pairs.

We experienced but little difficulty for want of air, though we were very much annoyed by the dust of which our bed was composed. It was very fine and dry, and every time we turned or moved, it seemed to raise a cloud. Even clearing our throats, when our faces were turned downwards, would blow the dust all over each other. Our throats and tongues and teeth would become coated with this disagreeable substance, so that it became necessary to scrape it off with our fingers, wherever we could reach it. It would come off of our teeth in scales. It seemed to add very much to our thirst and kept us using the copperas-water continually. This water, although very disagreeable at first, became rather pleasant towards the last. It seemed to possess some nourishment. It began to have a tast finally, like sweet milk, or rather like the whey of butter-milk. We always felt better after drinking it. *

We think we did not sleep much, nor long at a time. We were too cold to do so. Sometimes one of us would be able to sleep a little by getting in the middle and having another lie on the top for a cov-

* As possibly referable to the use of the Copperas-water, it will interest medical men, and perhaps others, to know that the subjects of the narrative were constipated during the entire time of their imprisonment. After their rescue a healthful action was restored by means of clysters, and with no great difficulty

Query, was the strengthening quality of the water, attributable to the IRON held in solution by it?

erlet. Edgell says that Pearson made the heaviest coverlet they had, and they could n't bear him on very long at a time. We sometimes used the heads of each other for pillows; but the pillow generally grumbled considerably before we had occupied it as long as we desired.

We, of course, had no way of measuring time, but we thought we could tell from the coolness of the air, when evening came. We supposed there must be some crack in the bank through which the air was admitted, for there was an evident difference at regular intervals. We did not attempt, however, to keep any account of the days. It was a long, unbroken night to us.

Towards the last, Pearson did not go to the breakdown at all. Savage and Gatwood say that they finally became so weak, that they could not go the whole distance without stopping once, and frequently twice, to rest. Edgell however was able to make the distance without resting.

Very little merriment was indulged in by any of us. Gatwood remembers having taken one laugh at an amusing quarrel which took place between Pearson and Edgell, as to who should sleep in the middle.— Edgell also had a laugh at Ned Savage once. They had started on their hands and feet to go to the breakdown, and Ned who was behind, stumbled and fell exclaiming as it happened, "I'll be darned if that ain't down once, for the first time."

Savage seemed to keep in better spirits than any of us. He was in the habit of lamenting less about his friends. His principal cause of trouble was concerning his want of sleep. He frequently became spunky because not allowed to sleep in the middle, and when

his request was not granted he would threaten to tell his uncle "Duck" Menear and get us all a thrashing after he got out.

We did not make use of the oil as food. Edgell says that after they had been in about a week, or thereabout, he took one swallow of it. He found it very pleasant, resembling chicken gravy, as much as any thing else he can think of. He did not taste it afterwards, nor did he tell the other boys, but threw the can into one of the empty rooms. He says, "I thought that death was certain at all events, and using the oil would only have prolonged our sufferings. I did not wish to be the last to die."

Gatwood tasted the oil once, in the hope that it would relieve his throat which had become sore from using copperas-water. He found it nauseating, and did not try it again.

At one time, as he was frequently in the habit of doing, Edgell went with Ned Savage to the breakdown. Arriving at it, he crept as far forward in the crevice as was possible, and stopped to listen. Immediately he heard the dull sound of a pick, evidently at work in the entry. The sound seemed to be communicated by the wooden rail or run which occupied the middle of the entry. "Then," he says, "I commenced pounding upon the run with a piece of sulphur stone or 'nigger-head,' in the hope that I might be able to make myself heard I also hallooed two or three times, but was not able to get any reply. I remained some time, and then went back to the room and said, 'boys, I hear them digging.' They would not believe me. After this I made my visits more frequently, intending to go down every hour, but I suppose that the intervals were longer than this. Two

days, I presume, must have elapsed before I was able to make them hear me. When this occurred, Gatwood was with me. I had called out as usual and this time heard an answer. What it was I could not understand, but I knew it to be the voice of a man. I said, "Jim, I hear them halloo," he answered, "it is only your imagination, Bill." Then I waited awhile and called again; we both heard the reply this time.— We then went back to the room and told Pearson, but could not convince him but that we were mistaken.— In about half an hour, as we thought, I went back again taking Ned Savage with me. This time I heard them at work plainly, and when I called to them, some one replied 'is that you Bill, for God's sake?' 'It is I,' I said, 'who is it that speaks to me?' 'You don't know me,' the voice replied. I then asked him if all the miners had got out alive. He said they had, and enquired if we were all alive; I replied we were, and mentioned the names of those who were with me.— I enquired for my father, and received for reply that he had just gone out with a car load of dirt. He told me to go back and keep out of danger; that they would have us out before long. The next time I went down, Gatwood was with me. Before we left, Pearson told me to ask what day it was, and accordingly when I got down I made the enquiry and was told that it was Thursday. I supposed from this, that we had been in only to the Thursday following the accident, making six days, instead of thirteen as I discovered after we were rescued. We were all of the same opinion and were rather surprised to find that it had been even that long. After this our visits were frequent, but the conversation was very much the same. We were at all times, anxious to know what time it

was, and how they were getting along. We heard the last falling in, which occurred about seven hours before we were rescued, but as it did not make much noise on our end of the entry, we were not alarmed by it. After this the diggers did not seem to work with the same spirit, until we called to them not to be discouraged as but little had fallen. We told them we could stand it two days longer. Edgell says, "I then commenced digging myself, throwing the pieces of rock behind me; Gatwood assisted and, I think, we advanced in this way about four feet towards our rescuers. We were told to go back and keep quiet; we did so for awhile. The next time I returned I saw a light, and immediately ran back to the boys and told them, I wanted them to go back with me; 'for,' said I, 'we can get out now.' They did not follow me for some minutes. I returned by myself, and in making my way towards the light, which shone through a crevice, I placed my hand on GEORGE LYON'S knee.—He had crawled through to our side. He threw his arms around me and said, "is that you Bill," I replied, "it is that; where's the hole?" He told me to stay where I was, and enquired for the other boys.—Having told him where they were, he started back; and while he was gone JOHN ALTERS JR., from Zanesville, came through the hole and helped me out. Savage soon followed me, then Pearson; and Gatwood, who had stopped to take a drink of copperas-water, came out last. Philip McLaughlin took off his coat and threw it over me. I walked to within twenty feet of the mouth of the entry. The others having had clothing thrown over them were wheeled out in the cars. We were placed in rocking chairs and carried to our respective homes. It was a few minutes

after one o'clock when we were rescued. We had been entombed in the mountain, *fourteen days and thirteen hours.* When we went in, there was not a bud open upon the trees; the morning after we were rescued, we looked from our windows and beheld the forest clothed in green. We never before knew what a beautiful earth it was.

NOTE.—It will, perhaps, be observed that there is nothing in the foregoing narrative to indicate the religious feelings and exercises of either Pearson, Edgell, Gatwood or Savage. Although questioned considerably upon this, it was a topic concerning which they did not seem to be communicative, and upon which I forbore to press them. I have good reason to believe that, in their extremity, they called earnestly upon that Heavenly Father to whom we all turn so readily when human help fails us. It will be easily conceived why they should feel a reluctance to have paraded before the world, the words and emotions of the hours thus spent. The hand would be a rude one that would tear the veil away. Let us leave to God and the silence of their own hearts this solemn secret.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

The reader who has perused these pages, may naturally be expected to feel an interest in the heroic men who rescued the subjects of the foregoing narrative. It is but common justice that their names should be perpetuated. The courage of a forlorn hope, is the result of discipline and excitement; theirs was a cool and steady daring, persisted in for days and under a jeopardy as great as storming party ever underwent.

The name which heads the list, deserves to stand there. He is one of the proprietors of the mine. He was at all times, equal to every emergency. Whenever the excavation became particularly dangerous or when, from any other cause, there was a difficulty in finding hands, he was always the first to throw off his hat and coat and dash into the mine; and only threw down his pick when utterly exhausted. His efforts were continued in this way until he became prostrated. During the fourteen days, he and his partner, STEPHEN H. GUTHRIE, Esq., were untiring and almost sleepless. Forgetful of their own heavy losses, they evidenced to all, an intensity of interest in the fate of the miners, scarcely exceeded by that of their friends and relatives.

Dr. H. TEETER was Superintendent of operations, and throughout the whole affair, acted with rare discretion and energy.

FIRST WORKMEN IN THE BANK—DIGGERS.

From Blue Rock.

James Owens Jr.,
Sandy A. Menear,
John P. Weaver,
James Menear,
George W. Teeter,
Thomas Grigsby,
Josiah T. Peden,
B. Suverance,
Jacob Trimper,
George Lyons,
Philip McLaughlin,
Solomon Dozer Esq.,
George Welsh,
John Powell, Eaglesport.

FIRST WHEELERS.

From Blue Rock.

John Melvin,
John Mouts,
John H. Teeter,
John Swingle,
Elijah Bell,
Chris. Mouts,
Henry Robinson,
Jacob Durom,
Henry Crow,
James Hamilton,
William Swingle,
Thomas Rodgers,
James Riddile,
G. W. Simmonds,
Joshua Frame,
William Twyman,
John Hopper,
A. Morrison Jr.,

SECOND WORKERS FROM 3 DAYS AFTER FALL OF BANK.

From Zanesville.

William Riley,
Morgan Bates,
James Beatty,
John Reynolds,
David Munlux,
Henry Birch,
William J. Clark,
Franklin Spinks,
John Morgan,
L. Uphold.
John Alters Jr.,
John Allwood,
Robert Masters,
L. Sions,
John Woodruff.

From Roseville.

William Edwards,
George Edwards,

From McConnelsville.

Allen Rush,
James White,
Laurence Harkins,
John Rush,
David Brooks,
William Rush,
Wesley Miller,

David Miller.
From Sunday Creek.
James Longstreth.
From Blue Rock.
Robert Coleman,
J. M. Riley.
James Hamilton,
David Welsh,
George Ross,
J. B. M'Laughlin,
Edward McIntire,
Uriah McGee,
Moses Dozer,
William Rose,
N. Prindle,
Adam Lefler,
George Lefler,
Isaac Shetron,
John Shainer,
Thomas Harvey.
From Taylorsville.
H. H. Anderson,
John Stockdale,
David Rainey.

OUT WORKERS — STEADY HANDS.

From Blue Rock.

John Bailey,
Hiram Price,
Austin Huff,
Aaron Sowders,
William Hamilton,
John Burnell,
J. Davis,
P. H. Sanders,
Isaac Smallwood,
Jacob Fouts,
Jeremiah Ross,
George Trout,
William Albright,
O. Ballou,
Jacob Baughman,
Henry Best,
Jackson Bean,
James Boss,
G. W. Larrison,
M. Armet,
A. Morrison Sr.,
Samuel Dozer,
Jacob Ballou,
David Patterson,
From Taylorsville.
John Lawson.

Lest injustice be done to the other sex, it may be mentioned that among others whose names have not been given, Mrs. BEST and both the Mrs. MEN-EARS, in providing food for from eighty to a hundred persons daily, underwent as much severe labor as the most industrious miner on the ground.

RD-37

PLAT OF BLUE ROCK COAL MINE

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